you cannot, keep silence. If you can, one word, ' Yes,' will be enough."

I answered simply, " Yes."

After that he wrote to me again, and for two or three years we corresponded, but I never came into personal contact with him.

As the past is now to me like a story in a book that I once read, I can speak of it easily. But if by doing so I thought that I might give pain or embarrassment to any one else, I should be silent about this long-forgotten time. After careful consideration it does not seem to me that it can be either indiscreet or injurious to let it be known that this great artist honoured and appreciated my efforts and strife in my art; that this great man could not rid himself of the pain of feeling that he " had spoiled rny life " (a chivalrous assumption of blame for what was, I think, a natural, almost inevitable, catastrophe), and that long after all personal relation had been broken off, he wrote to me gently, kindly,—as sympathetically ignoring the strange-ness of the position, as if, to use his own expression, " we stood face to face on the brink of an universal grave/'

When this[1] tender -"kindness was established between us, he sent mef a 'portrait 4iead that he had done of me when I was his ijSfe. I thinklt a very beautiful picture. He did not t<mch,it except to ihend the edges, thinking it better not to try to^impro^'lt' by the work of another time.

In one of tfoesiSletters he writes that " there is nothing in all this that the world might not know.'* Surely the world is always the better for having a little truth instead

of a great deal of idle inaccuracy and falsehood. That is my justification for publishing this, if justification be needed.

If I did not fulfil his too high prophecy that " in addition to your artistic eminence, I feel that you will achieve a